



# THE POETS' MAGAZINE.

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IANTHE.

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

SCENE V.—*A Library—The table is strewn with manuscripts and writing materials.*

(CUTHBERT *alone.*)

DEAD!—and a double murder at my door—  
Great God! why was I made a cloud to curse  
The sunshine of two lives? I should have died  
In early youth, ere passion was my God,  
And snatched my soul and theirs, the sister souls  
Of chastity and truth—in those dead days  
When I was but a poet lad, o'erwhelmed  
Beneath grand thoughts of honour, and of love  
That should out-rival heaven in purity, and fed  
With hopes of fame, and the great aftermath  
The world should reap from wisdom taught in song.  
Or even had I fall'n when first I found  
The battle was against me—had I fled,  
A coward from the field, the scorn of foes,  
Rather than turn my hand against my friends  
Who looked to me for safety—had I sung  
And slept forgotten—had I stood a man,

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And flung the gauntlet in the world's false face,  
 Defying to the death. What fools we are !  
 What blind and trustful fools we are to drink  
 The kiss of pleasure from the honeyed lips  
 Of such a wanton ! She with bold eyes, keen  
 To stab our senses, and to steal our souls  
 While that we lie half swooning in her arms,  
 And desperate with delight rush on the wrath  
 Of the Most High unheeding, till we stand,  
 The sweet draught quaffed, aghast and shuddering  
 At the fond folly—bartered, baffled, lost—  
 The slaves of vilest sins.

*(Approaches the table).*

See ! here they lie,  
 The weapons which I thought would win the world,  
 And raise my name into the rank of kings,  
 Uncrowned yet conquering, and ruling hearts  
 The kingliest kingdoms—Here's a poem penned  
 In my hot youth to set the world on fire,  
 But the spark only caught my heart, and lo  
 It lay in ashes—here is one I wrote  
 When love was lustrous, shining like a star  
 In heaven of my hope ; some sonnets too  
 To my sweet lady's eyes and pencilled brows—  
 And here a lay I sung when in the wood  
 I watched dead leaves fall through the shuddering air  
 Which strove to hold them—there are verses wrung  
 With weary labour from my o'erwrought brain,  
 A task for critics slander—and a scene  
 From an unfinished play, which might have been  
 A fortune or a failure—what are these ?  
 A score of songs all labelled, sung and sealed  
 When, mad with grief, I thought to fling my soul  
 Across the borders to eternity ;  
 And hymn of puny praise when I was plucked,  
 Resisting my deliverer, from the brink

Of yawning burning hell. There lies a book  
Which gained me golden guineas and was held  
A nine days wonder, while a meed of praise,  
The richest guerdon to a poet's heart,  
Was measured out to me until my wave,  
My little wave of song which I had thought  
Would raise the earth to heaven, breaking returned  
To its first source—and now I hold once more  
The song which was my solace when I woke  
And found my new-made bride (the wanton world)  
Had left me for another. Words like these  
Should count by pulses of the heart of him  
Who penned and lived them; rhyme and rythm cease  
In such mad misery to be his care,  
Yet without care they range them loyally,  
And heart cries forth to heart as breakers roar  
To one another in a scourge of storms.  
They are wild words perchance—I titled them  
(An afterthought) for want of better term,

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

Shall we live again when this life is done?  
Shall we sometime wake from our last long sleep?  
Or will the waters of death which won  
Our clinging souls from their life hold keep,  
And bury their prey in the darkened deep?

Great God! we would stretch thee our hands to hold,  
But faltering slip with the strength of sin:  
The lustful loves, and the greed of gold,  
The wayward world with its ceaseless din,  
Crush back the yearnings which burn within.

We stand and gaze on the heaven of stars—  
Hope steals to our side with a noiseless tread,  
The gate of the past with her soft hand bars,  
Then smiling points to the home o'erhead  
Till our sins are slain and our doubtings dead.

But the clouds are born and the stars are hid—  
So we wake from our dream with a sob and a start,  
And turn from the voices which pleading bid  
Us still look up with a hopeful heart  
For the stars must shine when the shadows part!

Ah! once I remember I said in my heart—  
I spoke in my heart though my lips were dumb—  
“They shall speak my name in the world’s great mart;  
My fame shall sound ’bove the busy hum;  
They shall shout it still in the years to come.”

Ay! yes, I remember—’twas summer time,  
And I smiled with the sense of a strength within,  
As I set my thoughts to rythm and rhyme  
To stem the torrents of woe and sin,  
As I rushed in the race with a heart to win.

Ay! yes I remember, when scarce a year  
Had waned and withered I sadly stood—  
Thought of the future and wished death near,  
Said, “I will strive no more for the good,  
But live in the sin of a solitude.”

I thought to die, but my life is strong,  
And conscious throbs through my starting veins;  
And I cannot die while the wealth of song  
That may ease some soul of its bitter pains  
Unsung in the depths of my heart remains.

Thou fair, false world! in my eager youth  
I sought to win you, I wooed and sued;  
You spoke me soft, and I thought that truth  
Must live in the heart of a form endued  
With beauty and grace in such plentitude.

Ah! world, we hold you as lovers hold  
Their best beloved when some sorrow parts,  
We wrap our arms round you, world, and fold  
You close and closer to bleeding hearts,  
And taste the taint that your kiss imparts.



You are false, fair world, with your smiling face !

A fair, false friend, with no heart to lend

To the passionate prayers of the human race,

The millions who kneel at your shrine and bend

To your beauty's might till the years shall end,

You are false, fair world ! I would turn in scorn,

And leave you and lose you, but ever again

Turning to look on you, love, I mourn,

And grief grows great with the parting pain,

I turn again and my scorn is slain.

God help me now ! shall I climb and climb

The dizzy heights and my flag unfurl—

The Poet's flag in a wintry clime—

Only that fate in his hate may hurl

(Fate, the scorner of poets and rhyme)

To deeper depths in my dark death time ?

God help me now ! I have sung and striven

To gain the goal—like an outcast star

Which, for stain of sin in its heart, is driven

Across the heavens with its woes afar,

So have I sung while the sin stains mar.

I am weary and weak—and the tired days come,

Droop, and die at my feet each night :

I said "I will struggle no more, but dumb

Lay me down in the lap of delight,

Since God is strong to uphold the right."

Alas for the singer ! alas for his song !

Men turn from his warnings, and mock at his woe—

He who is spent in the war against wrong,

He who no selfish contentment can know

Is spurned as a stranger, and scorned as a foe.

And is there no hope in the coming of years ?

No hope and no help for the toilers who sow,

And water the seed which they scatter with tears ?

Will sorrow be sealed with a bitterer woe

When Death, the great Silencer layeth them low ?

Nay—surely some time in the dawning of days,  
 The flames that encircled their funeral pyre,  
 The flames which were kindled by lingering lays,  
 Will purge the whole world with a tempest of fire—  
 So the satisfied singers shall grasp their desire.

Those words are fraught with faith and frenzy both,  
 Faith for the future, but a gnawing fear  
 Of that which now is—these which lie at hand,  
 The letters looking up at me, dense dark  
 On purest white, as antitypical  
 Of my sin-sullied mind, crossed o'er with red  
 Corrections for the press, as men with blood  
 Atone for error—these are frenzied words  
 Void of all faith, and were a later birth  
 Of my wrought brain.

*(Reads).*

Life—the rushing of waters  
 That music make at our feet,  
 Love—the sighs of Eve's daughters  
 Which ever our world-walk greet.  
 Oh life, and loving, and laughter!  
 What matters the dread Hereafter?

For life is a good from the Gods,  
 And love is the strength of the strong:  
 Till lips shall be silenced, and sods  
 Shall stifle the sound of our song,  
 The hours which such pleasures are bringing  
 We'll measure with passionate singing.

The blood through our being swift hies  
 As free as a flame of fierce fire;  
 Life lives in our hearts, and our eyes  
 Are heavy with love and desire.  
 Sure—the Gods would their glory be giving  
 For one hour of such loving and living!

*(Enter LAWRENCE.)*

Ah, Cuthbert! singing still? I prophesied  
When you foreswore the muse seven years ago  
That you were poet to the core, and must  
Make melody while living, then would die  
Like a swan singing, soaring with the strain  
You were word-weaving to the seraph land  
To lay as tribute at the feet of God.

CUTHBERT. Is it seven years since you and I clasped hands  
And parted?

LAWRANCE. Ay! seven years, my friend, no more.

You were a mere lad then, for scarce a score  
Of summer suns had gladdened you, while I  
Was, as you know, two years your senior.  
You lived then in the luxury of love,  
Which was the reason that I left you, since  
It was my wish to see the world, as erst  
It was your own, but when I pressed the point,  
And asked if we, who had been friends so long,  
And fellow travellers, should start again  
Upon our journey, you swift silenced me  
With "Lawrance, go your way and see the world  
And win it if you wish—my fate is fixed."

CUTHBERT. Do you remember her?

LAWRANCE. Her eyes would make  
A memory. I think I could describe  
The maiden as we came upon her first—  
Alone, unfriended; but that you must have  
The picture off by heart, with light and shade  
And the minutest detail, and would say  
"She was more fair than this, or fairer far  
Than that description."—How the light leaped up  
Into your eyes when first you looked on her:  
And she, shy little maid, reading your soul  
With subtle instinct that a woman has,  
Drooped the long lashes o'er those twin blue heavens





CUTHBERT.               We are like men who lose their way  
 At night in some strange country, yet press on  
 With stumbling feet which lead they know not where,  
 And hands stretched out to grasp they know not what,  
 Until the daylight dawn, when everything  
 Seems changed, and they with shrinking shun  
 Those paths that seemed most pleasant to their feet  
 An hour before.—And we can scarcely guess  
 What this life is till it has ebbed away  
 For ever from us, and we view the past  
 Standing within the circle of pure light,  
 Which radiates from God himself in heaven.  
 Often there comes a crisis in our lives,  
 When we, like travellers standing at cross roads,  
 Survey with anxious eyes the varied paths  
 That stretch before us: then at last we choose  
 Nor know if it be wisely, which 'tis left  
 The future to reveal.

LAWRANCE.               But when at length  
 We have so chosen—then 'twere vain to fight  
 Against our fix'd fate.

CUTHBERT.               Ay—there is oft  
 No turning back; and our repentance comes  
 Too late to aught avail.

LAWRANCE.               Cuthbert—I fear  
 That you have mourned into a misanthrope,  
 And lost the fair and faultless faith which was  
 Your dower in earlier days. And yet methinks  
 If that your heart is still a spring of song,  
 A well-spring of wild waters, and your lips  
 The overflowing outlet—if your soul  
 Is set to its own music, strange and sweet  
 And subtle as the Orphean strains which shook  
 And woke the world to wonder, yet so soft  
 As to steal entrance to a flowret's ear  
 And lingering lull to slumber—if the power

Of weaving words remains you, then I know  
 The noble in your nature triumphs still  
 Over your meaner instincts—then the God  
 That breathes through all our being will assert  
 His purity and kingdom. For the rest—  
 The world is yet before you. Young and strong  
 You still may gain the ear, and thence the heart  
 Of the sweet syren.

CUTHBERT.

The fair world I know

Is waiting to be wooed, but I alas!  
 Have lost the wish to win her. Yet I would  
 That she were lapped in dalliance of delights,  
 And soothed with soft contentment—that the wrongs  
 Which she hath wrought into our web of life  
 Were of her God forgotten—that the light  
 Of love and brotherhood were shed abroad  
 In all her streets and temples, so that sin  
 Should no more sully even saintly hearts  
 Bowed low in lowly worshipping. I would  
 That men were friends in deeds not words—  
 That hearts were strengthened by a hope within,  
 A glimpse of glimmering glory—that the good  
 Were loved for its own goodness, and the ill  
 Were shunned because it were so—then I would  
 That women were as pure of heart and hope  
 As century-tried Seraphim, that so  
 Into the lives of lovers and of lords  
 They might bring peace and purity, yet not  
 By words so much as ministry of love  
 And wisdom womanly—I would no war  
 Of nations or of neighbours—and no eyes  
 That look unkindly—and no lips on which  
 A wrathful word would linger—and no hands  
 That are not helping hands—and so no hearts  
 That harbour sin or sorrow. Ah! poor world,  
 Could I but smooth a wrinkle from thy brow,  
 Or ease thee of the burthen of thy pain,

Then should my life be lighter, and my death  
The goal of glory.

LAWRANCE.                      Well—I would not be  
A poet for the laurels and the light  
Of all the soaring singers!

CUTHBERT.                      You are wrong—  
I would not lose my poet-heart for aught  
The world can give or gain me. There is that  
In every singer's life which compensates  
For loss of the contentment which you boast,  
The sordid satisfaction that you feel  
In sight of others misery. Beside,  
If pain to us be keener, then by this  
Our pleasures are intensified, and bliss  
Is tenfold bless'd. Poets' eyes, they say,  
See things in an exaggerated light.  
To them the trees and flowers are fairer far  
Than to another, and the rainbow's tints  
Seem brighter and more varied: the great sea  
Tells them its secrets; and yon azure arch  
Which canopies the earth can scarce hide God  
And the high heaven of bliss. Music's sweet sounds  
Thrill swiftest to a poet's heart, and there  
Find a deep lodgement; beauty in his eyes  
Is far more beautiful: love has its spring  
In his heart's core, and is imperishable  
And passionate: Time's ages are too short  
For his imagination, and he seeks  
To draw aside death's veil, and gaze within  
Eternity's dim regions: things which are  
To others vague, uncertain, and unreal,  
Stand out before him clearly; shadows seem  
As substances to him; while that which most  
Will call impossible, to him is sure.

LAWRANCE.—There was a couplet that in dearer days  
Your lips were oft repeating—one you penned

And framed a masterpiece in memory—  
'Twas this :—

Though the heart of the singer be wrapt in the night  
The songs that he sings may be rainbows of light.

Have you forgotten? or are these  
Fair chaplets of pure songs your messengers  
To weary way-worn brothers? See, I pluck  
The flower that fadeth nighest to my hand,  
And find—Ah me! it is a lay of love.—  
Well—love is never old, though heads grow grey  
And hearts are seared by sorrows. Love is born  
In beauty every morning; and at eve  
It dieth not with daylight, and delights  
That are the daylight's dowry.—Let us see  
If you who are a wanderer, and have dwelt  
In many cities, have heard newer news  
Of this sly trapster, Love.

(*Reads*).

Love is like a river rushing,  
Pure and deep and swiftly strong—  
Or a fountain ever gushing  
Upward like a seraph's song.

Love is like a sunbeam, streaming  
Heaven and earth to re-unite—  
Love is like a strong light, gleaming  
In a wilderness of night.

Love is like soft music stealing,  
Strangely stealing to the soul—  
Love is like God's voice appealing  
In the threatening thunder's roll.

Love is like a fierce fire burning  
In a vessel tempest-tost—  
Love is like a Spirit yearning  
For the heaven which it hath lost.



Well—it is truth—but truth must win the world  
 In its own might: like men who thread through crowds  
 And bear down opposition with sheer strength.

CUTHBERT.      Ay, yet our task is taught us—to uphold  
 With all our prayers and powers the hands of Truth,  
 Till that the cross-emblazoned flag unfurl  
 Its folded splendours on the hard-won heights,  
 In sight of all the nations.

LAWRANCE.                      And when that  
 Shall thus be compassed, then this earth will be  
 A wreck upon eternity.—Meanwhile  
 The stars are fading in Night's coronet,  
 And o'er the shoulders of the black-browed hills  
 Aurora peeps, and flushes as a girl  
 With arms about her lover's neck, and eyes  
 That droop with loaded loving.—Let us stand  
 Within the vine-clad portico, and watch  
 The dawning of the day-king.

(*To be Continued*).

## ODE TO GREECE.

Is the light gone out from the lamp of thy glory,  
 Oh Greece, that wast great with the greatness of man?  
 Shall the deeds of thy children endure but in story,  
 And bear but the shade of eternity's span?  
 Oh Greece, thou wast once as the loadstar of earth,  
 When beauty was born with one blow of thy breath,  
 Then all that was god-like in man had its birth,—  
 But now—is it sleep that enthrals thee, or death?

They were great high souls in the days of thy splendour,  
 That thrilled through thy veins with a strength as of fire;  
 And the first sweet fruits that their genius could render  
 Were weighted with seeds of a higher desire.

Shall the flowers that still grow on the graves of the past  
 Be seedless for ever and bear no more bloom?  
 Or is it but drought that some truth-laden blast  
 Will scatter, as hope scatters destiny's gloom?

Awake from thy stupor, oh Greece! thou art hoary  
 With length of the years that have brought but a blight!  
 Unveil and restore thy great pillar of glory,  
 That brilliant, though broken, stands hidden from sight!  
 'Twas not for oblivion that thou wert arrayed  
 In the lustre and splendour thy sons on thee shed;  
 Awake to new light! as a hope-forlorn maid,  
 To a love that has grown from a love that is dead.

Too long hast thou lain in a languor of mourning,  
 For years that have clothed thee in clouds of despair.  
 Up, Greece! as of old, and deserve not our scorning,—  
 Be high souled thy sons, as their forefathers were.  
 Though reft of thy lovers, the fame-living dead,  
 There still must be left in thee seed of new light;  
 Oh cast off thy langour—uncover thy head  
 To the sunlight dispelling the clouds from thy sight!

M. C. SALAMAN.

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### THE REFUSAL.

WHAT shall I say to her since I must sing?  
 (She has bidden me make a song)  
 But it seems to me that the words take wing,  
 And the rhythm will all be wrong.

She is throned too high in her queenly state  
 For a passion of mine to reach,  
 Though I sing as sweet as a thrush to his mate,  
 And music is wedded to speech.

What is it to her though the words be quick  
 With the life of a love which stirs  
 The beating pulse of a heart, that is sick  
 For the gift of a heart like hers?

She will hear those words and the lute's soft tone,  
With never an answering thrill;  
For her heart is not like the lute, my own,  
Whence I conjure the notes I will.  
Let my tongue and my lute, then, both be dumb,  
And refuse the task that is set;  
Till I sing of love that is overcome,  
And the woman whom I forget!

R. E. MULLER.

## AT CLOSE OF DAY.

WHEN from the Sun our Hemisphere  
Is sometime turned away,  
When other worlds on high appear,  
And silvery moonbeams play—  
Play softly, sweetly, on the lake,  
And on the sleeping sea;  
Their buried thoughts again awake,  
And we once more are free  
To wander through the temples vast,  
And dusky caverns of the Past!—  
'Tis *then*, that for the old, old song  
We list with bated breath—  
Alas! The singer's lips have long,  
Been tightly closed in Death!  
'Tis *then*, we almost seem to hear  
That step upon the stair:  
Alas! 'Tis many a weary year,  
Since last it echoed there!  
And *then* upon our throbbing brow,  
Once more is lightly pressed  
That hand, which lieth passive now  
Upon the shrouded breast!  
Whilst still amid the deepening gloom  
We watch in tears and dumb,  
For one, who from the silent tomb  
Alas! will never come!

F. B. D.

## PARTED.

PARTED! oh! no that cannot be dear heart,  
That word has little potency for us,  
Who love as we do. Never, never, part—  
Parted! oh no! 'twas folly to speak thus.  
It cannot be, while your pure presence lives  
In all the thoughts and purpose of my ways;  
Can it be so, while your dear image gives  
Peace to my dreams and sunshine to my days?  
I am like one who on the heather lies  
By him she loves, in the hot summer noon:  
Sleeps, ere he leaves her, and then wakening cries,  
“Though he is gone, his coming will be soon.”  
And so I sit, with my half-opened hand  
Waiting for yours to close on it once more:  
And so I watch, and half expectant, stand  
To hear you turn the handle of yon door.  
For when I speak, I seem to hear your voice  
Answer my words, and then I speak again—  
You share my happiness when I rejoice,  
As when I mourn you share my grief and pain.  
For you are like to one just called away  
While on his lips there rests a tale half said,  
I, waiting, wonder what you meant to say,  
And if I have aright your meaning read.  
So sometimes in my dreaming I can feel  
Your arms around me, as they were but now,  
And then I think your fingers softly steal  
Among my hair, and lift it from my brow.  
And turning on my pillow, scarce asleep,  
I stretch my arms to catch the empty air,  
And wonder at the vigils that you keep—  
And if my name is whispered in your prayer.  
These, and a thousand fancies fill my brain,  
I miss you, but have little care, dear heart,  
I feel so sure you will return again,  
For those who love as we do, never part. N. C.



## STUDIES IN POETRY.

## I.—WHAT IS POETRY?

It is designed in the short series of Essays whereof this forms the first, to set down certain connected Notes on Poetry, especially as touching the Art of Poetry. From Horace's famous epistle down to Hood's useful Rules of Rhyme, many admirable things have been said on the subject. Poetic instinct and insight together with the careful and catholic study of the masters in poetry, are indispensable to an aspirant. But though the instinct is native and incommunicable, there are many methods and precepts in art which claim assiduous attention. Among the subjects discussed are included the nature of Poetry; accent, quantity, metre; the great divisions or classes of poetry and their several metrical expressions; alliteration, onomatopoeia, &c.; rules of rhyme. Throughout the author has sought to be suggestive, not exhaustive; aiming generally to mention what it most concerns the young versifier or *maker* to know or to recollect.

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"POETRY," says Leigh Hunt, is "the flower of any sort of experience, rooted in truth and growing up into beauty." According to Dr. Blair it is "the language of passion or of enlivened imagination, formed most commonly into regular numbers." And a distinguished living scholar, himself a poet, defined poetry as "the march of noble thoughts, the flow of noble emotions, and the progression of beautiful and significant images in the soul, according to an innate divine law of harmony, congruity, and proportion." Poetry in its essence wholly eludes definition and analysis. What, then, is the criterion? We are quick to perceive beauty in a woman or in a flower, and this perception is immediate, convincing, and comes not by any process of inward ratiocination. As the bodily eye is at once aware of light as distinct from darkness, so by a perception as immediate do we by the eye of the mind, by present intuition recognise the beautiful—and the poetic. We *feel* the poetic, it comes as a revelation. Indeed, we are conscious of an inner æsthetic sense; meaning by *sense* not a distinct faculty of

the mind, but only a function of the imagination, whereby it perceives beautiful forms and sounds, accompanied by pleasurable emotion.\* The growth of taste, the comparison of individual judgments, and nice essays in analysis, train, and expand, and cultivate this perception, but do not originate it. Certainly, this intuition may be blunted, depraved, seriously vitiated, all but absent; the fire may burn very feebly: this perception, like conscience in man, may become "seared as with a hot iron;" but, rudimentary or developed, it exists, and men are more or less conscious of its existence, and it can be appealed to. By virtue of this sense or function it is that we distinguish between the poetic and that form of *sentiment* or of language which we call prosaic. Popularly, indeed, the designation poetry is chiefly or nearly exclusively applied to poetic thoughts expressed in rhythm, and, yet more loosely and roughly, to mere metrical composition, quite apart from the character of its sentiment. But poetic thoughts are largely to be found in prose authors, as also prosaic thoughts in the form and vesture of poetry. The essentially poetic kindles as an aspiring flame (and kindles, too, flame in kindred souls), from the pages of Carlyle or Burke, of Augustine or Rousseau, of Ruskin or De Quincey, in all the burning eloquence of *sustained prose*, as truly as in the loftiest passages of Wordsworth or Shakespeare, of Byron or of Scott. Such prose is the undoubted vehicle of the poetic. It is only differenced from conventional poetry by its lack of rhythm. And from the earliest times the name of poetry has been commonly restricted to rhythmic composition. But the poetic covers a far wider area.

It is, in truth, impossible to express in concise or set terms the

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\* "Lectures on the Doctrine of the Beautiful," by Professor Blackie, one of the most charming books—specially for artists and poets—with which I am acquainted. Locke, it is well known, regarded the mind as devoid of Fundamental Truth, comparing the mind of man on its entrance into the world, to a sheet of blank paper; and deriving all our ideas through the channel of the senses. The general question is exhaustively treated in Dr. M'Cosh's *Intuitions of the Mind*. Sir William Hamilton reduces association to the rank of a secondary and enhancing principle in æsthetics, and regards the æsthetical emotions as specific in character, making them the concomitants of the conjoint energies of the understanding proper, and the representative faculty as variously related to each other.—*Blackie's Doctrine of the Beautiful*.

point where the poetic ceases, and where prose begins. They shade off into each other by delicate, scarcely perceptible gradations. Nevertheless, one at once recognises the descent. Mr. Barnett Smith, in his admirable paper on Tennyson (page 200 of this magazine), while citing a peculiarly flat passage from "Walking to the Mail," observes that "No one will venture to affirm that this passage can in any sense be called poetry." And why not? Just because it awakens no response, no acknowledgment within. Mere prose and equally merely prosaic verse can never send forth the sparks; the poetic can and does. Poetry is specially distinguished from prose by elevation in subject and in treatment, an attribute which is vital. It is undeniable that the humblest, the least esteemed persons or things, may possess latent poetic possibilities or properties concealed from curious prosaic peering, which are displayed liberally to the finding vivid glance of the divine singer. But it is not the meanness or low worth which he would celebrate, but the inherent loftiness which seemed to lurk in or start forth from those humble and commonplace accessories. Poems on flat subjects are not to be accounted poetry in any sense whatever. In a word, empty didacticism, mooney twaddle, pious or puerile; most of all, iterations in the fashion of a street directory or of an auctioneer's catalogue, do not answer to our natural and just criterion, and it is only by the fraudulent appropriation of metre or the exhibition of startling eccentricity that they appear to be even for an instant that which they are not. To the man whose higher sensibilities are dulled or unawakened, all in creation, in the world of matter or of mind, is hard thing of fact, external sense, utility:—

A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

The poet selects the poetic, and touches the poetic sense of his auditors. If he sings about Wood Street, it is not to form a string of names—to jumble, in undigested lumping, Basinghall Street, and Cheapside, and the Mansion House, and the Exchange, and to spice it with unrythmic sounds and form, wholly lacking sense, and spirit and beauty; it is to sing of the poor little captive



bird which from the dim corners of its city cage awakens in the young girl trudging along the London thoroughfare strange thoughts of the dear open country, with its fields, and lanes and brooks, and perhaps of the dwellers there; thus stirring the heart's nearest and quickest sensibilities. If he enters poor men's homes, it is not to recite any vulgarity or vulgar surroundings, to shock us in any wise, but to celebrate the nobility, excellence, or beauty which frequently abides there, and which he, a maker, has eyes to discern and words to celebrate. Compare the *lapses* of Wordsworth or of Crabbe (frequent in Crabbe's *crabbed* enumeration of gossip details) with Wordsworth or Burns at their divinest and best. Conventionally in the era falling between Pope and Cowper the subjects of poetry were arbitrarily restricted by a generally false and artificial taste; only pompous topics treated after servile artificiality would be tolerated. Wire-drawn precepts couched in heroic couplets, unpastoral pastorals, and satire—never of the nature of poetry—were the dubious products of an age in which nature was neglected, inspiration reduced to association, and the born singer reduced to a polite *pleaser* of mankind. With these excesses Pope is not justly chargeable; it is of the inevitable nature of obedient followers, of the mechanical sort, to imitate and exaggerate the allowable peculiarities of their master into gross errors, to perpetuate and exaggerate his faults while innocent of his power. By and by a better school arose in the reaction necessarily ensuing, and also what may be called a composite or eclectic school, as in Sir Walter Scott, in Campbell, certainly in Byron. Byron takes into his perception and practice the best properties of both schools, being for the most part catholic. But the "Lakists" in their school or following did for the noble Wordsworth (who opened up nature in a thousand unsuspected quarters) precisely what the *Papists* of the earlier domination had done for Pope. A like remark applies. One need not enter on a vast literary excursion to find the same phenomenon in regard to the young gentlemen who funnily affect the great characteristic qualities of our greatest living versifier, of whom, however, I will affirm one thing, that his manner can never successfully be borrowed. All nature, not a portion of nature, least of all nature cut and civilised, and dressed up and become improved



for the occasion, is the domain of the poet, and from it he selects as his faculty may direct him.

But this in itself implies the familiar Horatian maxim—*Poeta nascitur non fit*. "By labour," as that good man and keen thinker, John Wesley (who also produced fastidious verse), sensibly says—"by labour a man may become a tolerable imitator of Milton and Spenser, and may heap together pretty compound epithets as pale-eyed, meek-eyed. and the like, but, unless he be born a poet, he will never attain the true spirit of poetry." Very encouraging this, in a Poets' Magazine: but be it remembered that inspiration does not exclude polish, study, art (a fact fashionably ignored by the pseudo Shelleys of the day who, to counteract their prevalent foibles might well ponder Pope), and that Horace who admonishes us that a poet is born or inspired, also tells us of the hard effort after excellence, of the *labour of the file*, and all this in an epistle itself devoted to an inculcation of the poetic *Art*. In a poet the poetic sense, which we have already mentioned, exists in its heightened or intensified form, and he is keenly sensible of his endowment. There is, indeed, much significance in the old Biblical form of words teaching us of a burden imposed upon certain men for the deliverance of their work or vocation. Whether prophet or poet there must exist some native fitness and something much corresponding to a personal vocation. Burns was sensible of this, and Wordsworth, and Mrs. Browning—to name three notable ones occurring at random. Greeks and Hebrews held it, and Plato expressly enunciates it. Macaulay, one of the most "practical" although rhetorical of our writers, is of opinion that "perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain *unsoundness* of mind, if anything which gives so much *pleasure* ought to be called unsoundness."\* Quickened and greatly intensified sensibility, or at least unsoundness in an esoteric sense, and the view is just: poetry is in its genesis as an impelling *mania*. But to polished men of the world, the great prophets and the poets have alike appeared unsound—from the days of Felix to the days of Macaulay. Theirs is the accepted Philistine view of the whole matter. It is worthy of the school which resolves

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\* Essay on Milton.

beauty into association\* and poetry into a conventional sort of wording, designed especially to *please*. But the poet, as Plato says in the *Ion*, is a winged animal, sacred, and unable to compose poetry until he becomes inspired, and his imagination remains no longer under his own control.† And he touches his hearers as with a magnet—*draws* them ; and again we may reverently recollect how the greatest teacher of spiritual truth that ever trod the earth tells us that except a man is drawn he can never gain access to the Divine‡ This traction, which is more extended in kind and in area than many think, or care to think, is in itself obscure, but it is one of the deepest of truths, and in the matter under discussion it has been triumphantly proved by the poet in his own special vocation. It was proved by those who heard the bard of old, and it is proved by those who, under much lower conditions in our day, read the productions of a poet. This inspired singer, moreover, is a maker ; is in other words, a creator as distinct from an imitator. Indeed, etymologically, he who of all-named among men was honored as the poet used to poetize or make, and thus Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar* :—

The God of Shepherds, Tityrus, is dead  
Who taught me, homely as I can, to *make*

or to compose verses.

On this principle Keble founds what he regards as an essential distinction between primary and secondary poets. Primary poets are they who are driven by some overmastering enthusiasm, by passionate devotion to some range of objects, or line of thought, or aspect of life or nature, to utter their feelings in song. They sing because they cannot help it. There is a melody within them which will out, a fire in their blood which cannot be suppressed. Secondary poets are not urged to poetry by any such overflowing sentiment ; but learning, admiration of great masters,

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\* Exposition of the Beautiful. By Professor Blackie.

† *Ion. passim*. So Cicero : Sæpe audiui poetam lonum neminem, id quod a Democrito et Platone in scriptis relictum esse dicunt, *sine inflammatione animorum* existere posse.—Cic. de Orat. ii, 46. The reader may recollect the Welsh bards, and Dryden's noble Ode, *Alexander's Feast*.

‡ John vi., 44.

choice, and a certain literary turn, have made them poetic artists. They were not born, but being possessed of *euphuia* have made themselves poets. Of the former kind are Homer, Lucretius, Shakespeare, Burns, Scott; of the latter Euripides, Dryden, Milton. To the first class belong the poets, the makers, the creators, the gods of song, the men who sing from within and because a necessity is laid upon them; to the second the pupils, the imitators, the apt artists in verse to whom it belongs to please mankind, or themselves, commonly in regulated numbers. The reader will start at finding Milton placed by the Oxford Professor of Poetry, the author of the exquisite lyrics of the *Christian Year*, in the second rank. It is presumable that Keble's ecclesiastical prejudices, like those of Johnson before him, may have biassed his clear judgment and matured taste in this truly remarkable instance. Moreover, high and beyond cavil as are Milton's poetic claims, the structure of his verse, involved, inverted, sonorous, rhetorical, often taking Latin rather than English construction, would tend to artificialize unduly his magnificent bursts, at least in the estimation of so ardent a naturalist as Keble. Taken as a whole, his immortal poem triumphantly and for all time attests the genuine inspiration of him who besought the Muse's aid—

“ To my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar,  
Above the Aonian mount,”

and certainly he who in the whole compass of his poem pursued “things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,” could not fairly be classed among the lettered imitators. Perhaps Milton stands alone; to Keble's second class of poets he assuredly does not belong. And, again, to Keble's judgment we may set the magnificent eulogy of Gray (*Progress of Poesy*.)

It ought to be superfluous to say that Poetry is to be regarded as poetry, and not in connexion with morality any more than with geology. *That* touches quite another province. There is what the French call a diabolical beauty, and so too there is poetry whose terrible aspiration never descended from above. All that can be said is—none the less may it be poetry. This trite remark requires occasionally to be borne in mind as one reads the



current criticism.\* Don Juan contains golden poetry: as for its good or ill ethical character—and certainly it is often questionable enough—that is another affair entirely.

Poetry has its origin in the nature of man, and belongs to every age and to every country. It first appeared in the deserts and the wilds among hunters and shepherds, in the first generations of the world, or in the rudest state of society before refinement had polished or learning illumined mankind. This is the way in which the Five Nations (Indian) of Canada, expressed themselves by their chiefs to the British on the conclusion of a certain treaty:—"We are happy in having buried underground the red axe that has often been dyed with the blood of our brethren. Now in this sort we bury the axe and plant the tree of peace. We plant a tree whose top will reach the sun, and its branches spread abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off. May its growth never be stifled and choked, but may it shade both your country and ours with its leaves! Let us make fast its roots and extend them to the utmost bounds of your colonies. If the French should come to shake the tree we shall know it by the motions of its roots reaching into our country. May the Great Spirit allow us to rest in tranquillity upon our mats, and never dig up the axe to cut down the tree of peace! *Let the earth be trod hard over where it lies buried!* Let a strong stream run under the pit to wash the

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\* Nevertheless bumptious profanity and hoggish wallowing in the mire would lead one at least to suspect very gravely any poetic quality whatever. A poet cannot be irreverent. But possibly his reverence aspires in flights alien from the popular faith; as in Shelley. Moreover, no man who had studied the subject—whatever his notional possession—could fail to perceive the immense loftiness of character of the Founder of Christianity. Certainly Rousseau acknowledged this. Mr. Swinburne's crumb of advice to the hostile critics of his Poems and Ballads is characteristic:—

Why grudge them lotus-leaf and laurel,  
Or toothless mouth or swinish maw,  
Who never grudged you bells and coral,  
Who never grudged you troughs and straw?  
Lie still in kennel, sleek in stable,  
Good creatures of the stall or sty,  
Shove snouts for crumbs below the table  
Lie still; and rise not up to lie.—

*Notes on Poems and Reviews.*

evil away out of our sight and remembrance. The fire that had long burned in Albany is extinguished. The bloody bed is washed clean, and the tears are wiped from our eyes. We now renew the covenant chain of friendship. Let it be kept bright and clear as silver, and not suffered to contract any rust. Let not anyone pull away his arm from it."\*

But if there is a spirit of Poetry, there is also an art. It was the blinded and blundering gazing after conventionalities of art that led Pope's men to ignore, if not absolutely to deny the glorious reality of inspiration; it was the restless reactionary quest after nature only, pursued by the rival school, that caused and still causes art to be neglected. Sometimes long passages of flat prose do duty for poetry—as in the earlier poems of Wordsworth, and as to a tiresome extent in the books of Mr. Browning. On the whole, Plato taught and Coleridge revived the doctrine never, we may be sure novel, to a genuine maker (it were his life) of special endowment, election of its kind, inspiration. Pope, and Horace before him,† went in largely for Art, and Pope's followers exaggerated this into a regard for poetry as a *pleasing* kind of composition, all the more highly to be esteemed if it happened to have a virtuous aim. Mr. Swinburne and his company while accepting as they could not fail to do, the inspiration, pass also their most passionate regards upon Art—upon perfection of form everywhere, and upon perfection in the poetic form. Theirs is the revived Greek sense and sympathy of harmony, symmetry, completeness, perfectness of form, whether in the deification of the finite in the human body, or in what sort soever the plastic energy in Art may find expression. "In all great poets," says Mr. Swinburne, "there must be an ardent harmony, a heat of spiritual life guiding without constraining the bodily grace of motion, which shall give charm and power to their least work; sweetness that cannot be weak, and force that will not be rough.

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\* Cadwallader Colden's *History of the Five Indian Nations* depending on the Province of New York. New York, 1727. See also the Song of Moses and Miriam in Exodus, ch. xv.

† Roman poetry was throughout imitative. And Horace expressly counsels poetic aspirants to devote their days and nights to the Greek exemplars.

There must be an instinct and a resolution of excellence which will allow no shortcomings or malformation of thought or word: there must also be so natural a sense of right as to make any such deformity or defect impossible, and leave upon the work done no trace of any effort to avoid or to achieve. It must be serious, simple, perfect; and it must be thus by evident and native impulse." The spirit and the body, the nature and the art, are meant as one and indivisible. But here we attain the limit of the present paper.\*

T. H. G.

### To Adlle. Tietjens.

(Written after witnessing her sublime impersonation of "Leonora" in Beethoven's "Fidelio.")

Great singer formed by Nature's loving hand,  
 To grace Beethoven's soul-inspiring songs  
 With silberly voice, that soundeth like the strand,  
 Kindled to fire by dawn; to thee belongs  
 The soaring spirit of dramatic art;  
 Thy tragic powers send tremblings to the soul,  
 When from thy lips the thundering passions roll,  
 Or pathos melts melodious from thy heart  
 At thy command the strenuous face of Art  
 Reflects the soul of nature; genius flames  
 In awful splendour from thy starry eyes,  
 When dread contempt a stormy vengeance claims;  
 And when stern Fate bids wild Despair arise,  
 All glory through thy voice to the Eternal cries!

David R. Williamson.

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\* On the whole of this lofty subject the curious reader will find most profitable material in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Byron's Note on an Article in Blackwood, Principal Shairp's *Studies in Poetry*, and Mr. Swinburne's Volume of *Essays and Studies*. There is a short but masterly survey of the Progress of Poetry in Sir J. Macintosh's *Miscellaneous Works* (Lond. 1851, page 514), "In the natural progress of society . . . indigenous poetry." Compare also Gray's magnificent Ode on the same subject.



## SAD TO DAY.

SAD to-day among the mountains—  
Sad where beauty rears her throne—  
What are cascades, sparkling fountains,  
When the heart, the heart, is lone?  
All the glory and the splendour  
That a thousand worlds display,  
Would be powerless to render  
Glad to-day!

Thro' my casement cheery voices  
Float upon the fragrant air—  
Every heart but mine rejoices—  
Laugh and song are everywhere—  
Bells in mellow concert chiming—  
Birds outpouring many a lay—  
Only I am darkly rhyming  
Sad to-day.

Morning brought a wondrous lightness  
To my spirit long unknown—  
And a beam of golden brightness  
On life's dreary march was thrown.  
Crimson sunstreaks westward stealing,  
Twilight shadows round me play,  
And my heart, my heart is feeling  
Dark as they!

Bitter tears are downward falling  
Born of sorrow and regret—  
Memory to my soul recalling  
Dreams it never can forget—  
But amid the liquid streaming  
Hope is pointing far away  
To a golden country, gleaming  
Bright as day.

G. ASHWORTH.

## TO-NIGHT.

THE lamp is burning down with shadows dim,  
Only one streak of light beneath the door  
Is shining in, like narrow threads of gold  
On oaken floor.

And the low lounging velvet-cushioned chair  
Is, as you left it, standing all awry,  
The heavy curtains fall in closer folds  
With sympathy.

And there the table where we played at chess  
Is pushed aside (just where you moved it, Sweet),  
And here an ivory queen with broken crown  
Lies at my feet.

The hyacinth you nestled in my hair  
Is perfumed faintly with soft summer scent,  
And in my hand I hold a withered rose  
Dropt, as you went.

Yet all these things, breathe but of past delights,  
Of memories defying freaks of fate—  
An empty throne-room, with its king dethroned,  
Devoid of state.

But in the subject's heart the king still reigns,  
Though on his brow no jewelled diadem,  
Only a rose-wreath, fairer far to view  
Love's anadem.

The night is closing in—'Tis midnight's hour,  
What will to-morrow bring with it—  
Who knows?

Ah! nought so sweet as *this day's hyacinth*,  
And *this day's rose* !

E. S. JEFFARES.

## GOING HOME.

*(By Thomas Tyrie, a young Edinburgh poet of great promise,  
who died of consumption last Spring.)*

OPEN the window, the bright sunbeams glisten,  
Like golden winged birds, on the leaves of the trees;  
Open the window, and, sister dear, listen,  
Again as from heaven comes the voice on the breeze.

Yes, yes, sister dearest, I hear a glad chorus,  
And this seems the song that is breathed on the air,—  
“The glorious kingdom of love is before us,”  
And sister, dear sister, we soon shall be there.

One voice in the chorus distinctly grows nearer;  
'Tis mother's; she calls me her darling again;  
The same gentle music, but sensibly clearer;  
O Death! thou hast lost thy last terror and pain!

I hear it; my soul will not part with the token  
That she will be yonder to welcome me home,  
Where never a heart by a false tone is broken;  
Oh listen! the voice sings more audibly, come!

And round me, above me, swells higher the chorus,  
The sunlight grows brighter, the blue sky more fair;  
The golden gates, sister, swing open before us,  
The music grows louder, we soon shall be there!

## VALENTINES.

## I.

THEY woke me, those fond foolish little birds,  
The twittering chorus marred my pleasant dream,  
And now, aroused, I utter spiteful words,  
Which clash, with murmurs, all their happier theme.  
Why should the very birds intrude their joy  
On me, with all my load of love untold?  
Why with their rapturous song should they destroy  
Sleep's stolen peace, which wakeful hours withhold?



Not to intrude they sing, but e'en to teach—  
 If patron saint there be for birds or men,  
 Saint Valentine assists those shy of speech,  
 And woos a maid as sweetly as a wren.

Hail! then, I do entreat, Saint Valentine,  
 Show me thy cunning, teach me how to woo!  
 "Pshaw!" says the Saint, "Why kneel before *my* shrine?  
 Just say '*do* love me, for I love but you!'"

## II.

OYEZ! oyez! Lost! lost, long lost!  
 Gone! stolen! lost beyond regret,  
 A burning, bleeding, bounteous heart;  
 Oyez! oyez! Good tidings yet!  
 Oyez! oyez! Hear thou the call,  
 Fair maiden whom this may concern,  
 If that thou hast the heart I cry,  
 Send back thy dear one in return!

## III.

THE days are gone when doves like pigeons flew,  
 Wing-weighted with a load of sighs and love,  
 Or Cupid roamed at large and deftly drew  
 His bow at hearts too hard for words to move.  
 My vows to you must now be packed and laid  
 With worthless missives—jostled, perhaps, by bills—  
 Handled by postmen—peered at by the maid—  
 Torn open—scanned—then folded into spills!  
 If doves have failed, if Cupid's out of date,  
 And t'is old-fashioned, all this love of mine,  
 I need some champion more than chance or fate,  
 So borrow courage from Saint Valentine.

## IV.

I DARE not ask—for questions need replies,  
 And I lack courage to confront your "nay;"  
 But, sweetheart, read love's message in my eyes,  
 Then let your own look back a willing "aye."

## V.

WHEN a pedlar shows his wares,  
In the street or at the fairs,  
To the idle passers by,  
Loud and long he needs to cry—  
“Dames and misses, who will buy?”

Would I were that pedlar bold,  
With his gems and glittering gold,  
Tempting many a maid to sigh  
For the wares that please her eye,  
Just because she loves to buy.

I'm a pedlar, with my ware  
Calling to a damsel fair;  
But I've nought that she can buy—  
*Love to barter* is my cry—  
Dare I ask her just to try?

AGNES STONEHEWER.

## TRANSLATION OF HORACE'S ODES, I.—5.

PYRRHA, what lissome youth on roses lying,  
Bedewed with liquid odours, woos thee now  
Neath the cool shadow of the welcome grot?  
For whom thy golden tresses art thou tying  
So lovely in thy neatness? Ah! how oft  
Will he bewail thy falsehood, and the face  
Of altered Heaven! How often stand aghast  
At ocean frowning under murky gales,  
He never dreamt of, who thy gilded charms  
Too fondly tastes, who fancies thee for aye  
His, and his only, and as kind as now!  
Poor fool, unwitting of the changeful breeze.  
Unhappy they to whom as yet untried  
Thou glitterest still; my garments, drenched with brine,  
Hang on the temple wall, an offering due  
For safety hardly gained by Neptune's mighty aid.

C. G.

“ONLY A YEAR AGO!”

Just so the bells were ringing,  
Tender, and sweet, and low,  
Just such a message bringing,  
Only a year ago!

Just so the year was dying,  
Wrinkled, and old, and frail,  
Just so the wind was sighing,  
Over the wint'ry vale.

Gathering clouds were shrouding,  
All of the waning night;  
Joys and hopes were crowding,  
In with the New Year's light.

Side by side we're waiting,  
Just as we waited then,  
Visions of joy creating,  
Living in hope again!

What is the difference sweetest,  
Now that the year has gone;  
Surely of years the fleetest,  
Laughter and love have known.

Only a ring on your finger,  
Only a hope in your heart,  
Only that here we linger,  
Never in life to part!”

—  
RITA.

SARA'S FLOWERS.

Oh, flowers that bloomed in her breast last night,  
Nestling softly on pillow so fair;  
Blushing, yet wooing her smile's sweet light,  
Dying 'neath coils of her gold-brown hair;



Here your leaves lie in my trembling hand,  
 Passion and perfume alike fled away:  
 Smile ye again in some fair summer land!  
 Gilt with life-glories of God's own day!

No, ye are dead, go hence; I will cast  
 Idly away your frail faded forms,  
 Ye have had nothing but joys that last,  
 Like the faint sunshine betwixt the storms.

Ah, should I offer her flowers of love  
 What will she do with them? who can tell?  
 Leave them to perish or smile them above?  
 Or give them the looks I love so well?

Ah, if I offer them fragrant and fair,  
 Born of true passion, of love's gentle breath,  
 Place them on breast, or in gold-brown hair  
 Waft me their perfume or doom me to death.

ELLIS J. DAVIS.

## THE WICKED WOLF.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

"My Mother's gone, and yet he lingers long,  
 The hour is come I dearly love to greet,  
 Yet the flower covered fields he bides among  
 Singing to lillies some wild measure sweet.  
 I hear my little sister calling;  
 The torment will not go to sleep:  
 Sleep—Sleep—lest ill befalling  
 Shall cause thy tender eyes to weep.

(*Whispers*)—The wicked wolf will come."

"The wicked wolf my little sweet,  
 Death waiting on his savage guest;  
 He roams at night, and oft he'll eat  
 Children who will not go to rest;

His great black eyes so flashing bright  
 Will make you look on him with fear :  
 Sleep—Sleep—see I put out the light,  
 Sleep sweetly then my sister dear,  
 (*Whispers*) Or the wicked wolf will come."

"Ah! me," the little one replies,  
 "The wicked wolf I've often seen,  
 But soft and sweet are his black eyes,  
 And not as you describe, I ween.  
 And when he sings so sweetly free  
 I can regard him without fear."  
 "Yet sleep sweet one for love of me,  
 Sleep—Sleep my little sister dear,"  
 (*Both*) Or the wicked wolf will (won't) come."

The elder blushed—with tender eyes  
 "Sleep little one for it is time—  
 To-morrow morn I'll give as prize  
 My ball flowers and my ribbands fine."  
 The little rebel raised her head  
 And with a loving, sleepy air  
 "I sleep, my sister," gently said  
 "I'm fast asleep, sweet sister chère,  
 Your wicked wolf may come."

IDÉLE.

## STREWN ASHES.

BY ALFRED HARBLON.

A MESSAGE OVER THE SEAS, JUNE, 1875.

BESIDE the stricken summer sea,  
 That sweeps from bounding shore to shore,  
 I watch where blossoms blow to thee,  
 From inland vale and lowland lea,  
 And westward soar.

I blow to thee from lips and heart  
 An echo of the old world's breath,  
 Born on the ripples that depart,  
 Rise and retreat, or sink and start,  
 From mead and heath.

Dip your hands deeply in the tide;  
 The blossoms blown by breeze and storm,  
 That linger on the sands, or hide  
 In seas that sunder and divide  
 Our mother's form.

Will quicken with the peace they bear  
 From northern skies and rocky lands,  
 And in your warmer wilds will wear  
 A light more ruddy and more rare  
 Than on our sands.

We sorrow for our brave who died,  
 And, sorrowing, we yet rejoice,  
 That fortune made the world thus wide,  
 That now the ocean's time-worn bride  
 Should love your voice.

The smoky clouds that faintly flew  
 Over the well-won battle-hill,  
 Have passed and faded where they grew,  
 And freedom is as free with you  
 As with us still.

We have forgotten, and we fain  
 Would greet you in your triumph hour,  
 When, amid mingled pride and pain,  
 Victories pass and glories wane,  
 And peace and power.

*(To be Continued).*

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 ELVES.

TRIPPING o'er the greensward lightly  
 In the merry moonbeams' play,  
 Clothed in colours, gay and sprightly,  
 As carnations bloom in May;



Little Elves, in healthful gambols,  
 Lightly leap athwart the lawn,  
 Darting out from midst the brambles,  
 Merry as the larks at dawn.

Happy little careless creatures,  
 Fairy fostered though they be,  
 We may envy them their natures,  
 Woe or grief they never see ;  
 On they gambol, ever dancing  
 In the quivering moonbeams' light,  
 Over meadows lightly prancing  
 In the silent hours of night ;

Till at last the morn appearing  
 Heralds the approach of day,  
 Then, owl-like, the sun's rays fearing,  
 With the dew they fade away ;  
 Hide they safe from curious prying,  
 Neath the thorn or golden grain,  
 Till at eve the moonbeams spying,  
 They come bounding forth again.

FOLLETT PASSMORE.

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### SUNSET.

( *Our readers will regret to learn that the young and gifted author of the following sonnet "entered into rest" a few days after its composition. We shall shortly insert other poems from the same pen.—ED.* )

Slow, yet majestic, to the mighty deep,  
 The setting sun in golden floods of light  
 Sinks to his rest ! in varied colours bright  
 The wavelets dance, the promontories steep  
 Glow with his gentle kiss before they sleep,  
 Wrapped in the shadows of the summer night ;  
 The fleecy clouds, in crimson richly dight,  
 Watching the day's decline, forbear to weep,

But, shedding softening radiance o'er the scene,  
Illumine the sky.—'Tis thus a Christian dies,  
'Tis thus his spirit soars to rest—serene,  
At peace with all—in certain hope to rise  
To glorious dawn—on loving breast to lean,  
And live eternally in Paradise.

GERALD C. DRURY.

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IN MEMORIAM.

I STAND beside a moss-grown grave,  
To surging grief awhile a slave.  
Dead love lives not again ;  
The smiling skies, serenely blue,  
Wear not for me their sapphire hue,  
Seen through a mist of pain.

And yet this grave is still so green,  
It scarcely could so long have been,  
Since first I laid to rest,  
Beneath the surface-soil of Life,  
A shrouded form with beauty rife,  
My fairest and my best.

The flowers I planted long ago,  
Still brightly bloom and gaily grow,  
They cannot ever fade ;  
Deep-rooted from the heart they spring,  
And everlasting beauty bring,  
This lonely grave to shade.

A rain of tears in bygone days  
Revived their faint and drooping sprays,  
Fierce pain unsealed the fount ;  
The duller aching that succeeds,  
Wrings out no tears, but only needs,  
By weary years to count.

A hush of holy memories now  
Is round me ; on a fair soft brow  
Fast-falling kisses burn ;  
White circling arms my form embrace,  
I gaze upon an angel's face,  
And madly, wildly yearn,—  
That death might fold, in slumber sweet,  
My new-found joy while thus complete,  
Lest life might break the charm,  
And give Gehenna torments for  
The breathless bliss its beauty wore,  
Its pure Edenic calm.  
Oh would I had some spell of might,  
To bid the past from dreary night,  
Give up its long lost dead ;  
For one short hour to fold in rest,  
With glad rejoicing, to my breast,  
A glory-circled head.  
My love dies not ; but hers, ah me !  
Her love, oh will it ever be,  
In earth or heaven mine own ?  
As in the far-off distant time,  
When like a soft and silver chime,  
I heard its thrilling tone.  
The cherished grave of golden love,  
Flower-laden, lifts me still above  
Earth's coarser, meaner cares ;  
I need no stone to mark its place—  
For ever lives one fadeless face,  
Begemm'd with love and prayers.  
Take, then, fair grave, my flowers, and twine  
A wreath for her your walls enshrine,  
My love, long lost and dead ;  
Sleep, sleep again, sweet cherisheed one :  
Not yet is life's long battle done,  
Not yet its requiem said.

A. W. P. ALLAN.



## A PARABLE.

SHALL lightning of heaven or earthquake shock,  
Hurl away granite, block on block?

(For the sages deemed

That water gleamed

In depths of wonder beneath the rock.)

Nay, but toil must reign over the years,

Crowned with jewels of hopes and fears.

They worked from dawn till the glaring noon;

They worked till the rise of the pallid moon;

The seekers sought,

The workers wrought,

For the blessing of life, the priceless boon,

Whereof the people on every side

Should drink with joy and be satisfied.

And at length the marvellous gleam they found,

Springing in purity out of the ground;

And the people's wonder,

In shout of thunder,

Filled with rejoicing the halls of sound.

Then they who had made that great endeavour,

Lulled by brief plaudits, sank down for ever.

HALL KEYWORTH.

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“MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.”

AMONGST the legion of poets who flourished in England during the end of the eighteenth, and the first half of the nineteenth century, we shall doubtless find many who reached loftier heights than the author of the *Bridge of Sighs*; but we shall search in vain for one who so touched the great heart of England's masses, who caused so much laughter or so many tears.

Amongst the higher middle and the higher classes, Lord Byron's influence was indeed great. He made it fashionable for young men to look upon mankind with supreme and lofty contempt, to wear

habitually a sarcastic smile, or a moody frown of disgust for the inferior clay with which they came in contact. He even, we are told, quite altered the fashion in shirt collars, but notwithstanding all, the lower classes remained for the most part untouched by the glorious descriptions in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and undefiled by the presumptuous mockery of *The Vision of Judgement*, or the licentious wit of *Don Juan*. And while Coleridge's weird imagination, the Greek refinement of Keats, and Wordsworth's lofty contemplations, were all in a great measure unheeded by the lower classes, it remained for Hood to make strong men weep as they read the woes of a poor seamstress, to crack their sides with laughter over *The Epping Hunt*, or with difficulty refrain from doing both in succession as they read the wonderful story of *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*.

This masterly piece of satire, one of Hood's latest productions, first appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited by Theodore Hook. The commencement is almost too well known to need repeating here. Who has not laughed at the Kilmansegg ancestor, the patriarch who had—

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!  
He had gold to lay by and gold to spend,  
Gold to give and gold to lend,  
And reversions of gold in futuro.

And who turns out to be plain Jacob Ghrimes, one who gained his money much as men gain it now-a-days—

Who held a long lease in prosperous times,  
Of acres pasture and arable.

The birth of the heroine gives rise to a soliloquy, full of those touches of pathos, of which the poem is full, and which, notwithstanding its lively humour, fill the mind with serious sadness. Who can laugh at the description of Poor Peggy, the girl who

Hawks nosegays from street to street,  
Till, think of that who find life so sweet,  
She hates the smell of roses.

Or this—

She was not doomed, for bread to eat,  
To be put to her hands as well as her feet—

To carry home linen from mangles—  
Or, heavy hearted, and weary limbed,  
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimmed,  
With as many blows as spangles.

And yet it is the heiress herself who is the object of our deepest pity. Shut out from all that makes life sweet and beautiful, from her birth excluded from the gentle influences of nature, truly better would it have been for her to hawk nosegays from street to street, better to occupy the position of the ill-treated rope-dancer; but such is not her destiny: she was created as an awful example of the blighting influence of artificiality, as a fearful warning to those who bow the knee and lick the dust before the altar of Mammon.

Begotten by one "who had rolled in money like pigs in mud," with consummate art (if such truth to nature can be called art) we are told how surely the fatal leprosy corrupts the whole nature of the child:—

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt cornet,  
And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day,  
Till her fancy was tinged by her presents.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nay, once she squalled and screamed like wild;  
And it shows how the bias we give to a child  
Is a thing most weighty and solemn:  
But whence was wonder or blame to spring,  
If little Miss K—— after such a swing  
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing,  
On the top of the Fish Street column?

For an example of vivid realistic word painting, we shall scarcely find anything in the English language to surpass this description of Miss Kilmansegg's perilous ride:—

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,  
But the very stones seem uttering cries.

\* \* \* \* \*

Batter her! shatter her!

Throw and scatter her!

Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer!

Dash at the heavy Dover!



Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!  
 Smash her! crash her! (the stones didn't flatter her)  
 Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!  
 Roll on her over and over.

For so she gathered the awful sense  
 Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,  
 As the wild horse overran it,  
 His four heels making the clatter of six,  
 Like a devil's tatto played with iron sticks,  
 On a kettle-drum of granite!

On, still on! she's dazzled with hints  
 Of oranges, ribbons, and coloured prints.  
 A kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,  
 And human faces all flashing;  
 Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,  
 That the desperate hoof keeps dashing!

On, and on! still frightfully fast!  
 Dover Street, Bond Street, all are past;  
 But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at last!  
 The furies and fates have found them!  
 Down they go with sparkle and crash,  
 Like a bark that's struck by the lightning flash.  
 There's a shriek—and a sob—  
 And the dense dark mob  
 Like a billow closes around them.

\* \* \* \* \*

"She breathes! She don't!

"She'll recover! She wont!

"She's stirring! she's living, by Nemesis!"

Who does not see the frightened horse, the excited multitude, the fall, and the closing in of the dense dark mob. Hogarth could not have brought the scene more vividly before us. Indeed the resemblance between the genius of Hood and Hogarth is very striking. The mind which produced *Miss Kilmansegg* would doubtless, under different circumstances, have created works to vie with *The Marriage a la Mode* or the *Rake's Progress*. The works of both artist and poet are full of the grotesque and the ridiculous.

We mark in both the same stinging satire, but in both are touches of tragic power which make us pause as we laugh, and which place poems and pictures far above the mere burlesque or caricature. And yet though in many things the resemblance is so strong, there is one great difference between Hood and Hogarth. I think the most enthusiastic admirer of our great artist teacher, will scarce deny that there is little, if any, pathos, displayed in his works. Great tragic power there undoubtedly is. The theory which regarded him as merely a rather coarse comedian has long been exploded, but I think there is no doubt that his creations show a lack of all tender sentiment. An instance of this may be found in that well-known picture of the poor poet, writing in his miserable hovel, deafened by disgusting sounds, surrounded by wretchedness and filth; it is only our sense of the ridiculous that Hogarth attempts to raise. He shews no pity for the poor bookseller's hack fighting the battle of life at such fearful odds. Hood, on the other hand, with a power equal to that of Goldsmith, constantly appeals to the tenderest emotions of our nature, and pausing every now and then in his stern task of denouncing wrong, of scourging vice and cant, reminds us that gentleness and purity still exist; that amidst the parched and burning desert of sin, there are still spots of verdure and of beauty.

All the more beautiful for the keen satire that precedes it, like a breath of fresh sweet air, scented with hawthorn and violet, after the stifling atmosphere of a crowded saloon, is this beautiful legend of Eden:—

When leaving Eden's happy land,  
The grieving angel led by the hand  
Our banished father and mother,  
Forgotten amid their awful doom;  
The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,  
On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,  
That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,  
For the grieving angel had skyward flown,  
As they sate those two in the world alone,  
With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,

That scenting the gust of happier hours,  
 They looked around for the precious flowers,  
 And lo! a last relic of Eden's dear bowers  
 The chaplet that love had woven!

And still when a pair of lovers meet,  
 There's a sweetness in air unearthly sweet,  
 That savours still of that happy retreat  
 Where Eve by Adam was courted;  
 Whilst the joyous thrush, and the gentle dove,  
 Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,  
 And the Serpent, as yet only sported.  
 Who hath not felt that breath in the air,  
 A perfume and freshness strange and rare,  
 A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere  
 When young hearts yearn together?  
 All sweets below and all sunny above,  
 Oh there's nothing on earth like making love,  
 Save making hay in fine weather.

From Eden's happy land, and the paradise on earth when  
 "young hearts yearn together," we turn to the accepted suitor of  
 Miss Kilmansegg. His portrait is painted in Hood's best style;  
 the scoundrel and the blackleg stands before us as we read:—

With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,  
 And his hooky nose, and his beard half shorn,  
 Like a half converted Rabbin.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was dressed like one of the glorious trade,  
 At least when glory is off parade,  
 With a stock, and a frock, well trimmed with braid,  
 And frogs that went a-wooing.

\* \* \* \* \*

And then and much it helped his chance,  
 He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,  
 Perform charades, and proverbs of France—  
 Act the tender, and do the cruel;  
 For amongst his other killing parts,  
 He had broken a brace of female hearts,  
 And murdered three men in a duel!



Savage at heart, and false of tongue,  
 Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,  
 Like a snake in his coiling and curling—

This dreadfully life-like picture of a low impostor has shocked the souls of many. There is still a certain class who view all truth to nature with disgust, whether in art or poetry. Their ideal of a poet is a man who looks at the world through rose-coloured spectacles, whose characters must be a superior article altogether to any which this poor earth affords. Unfortunately the creations of these idealists lack life; they are apt to be stale, flat, and insipid; shadows into whose nostrils no breath of life has entered; frail monuments of man's feebleness, they stand like childrens' sand-built castles on the shore; a little while and the tide of time creeps up, and we fail to see them.

But to return to Miss Kilmansegg. I can scarce refrain from quoting the beautiful description of true and honest love, as compared to the sordid bargain made between Miss K—— and the Count :—

Better, better, a thousand times told,  
 More honest, happy, and laudable,  
 The downright loving of pretty Cis,  
 Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,  
 And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss  
 In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,  
 Who loves as she labours with all her might,  
 And without any sordid leaven!

The soliloquy on Honeymoons contains some beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. What can be sweeter than the description of love's influence; love—

That makes earth's commonest things appear  
 All poetic, romantic, and tender!

That sweetens and beautifies the most common-place existence, making the wilderness blossom as the rose :—

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,  
 And the meanest thing most precious and dear,  
 When the magic of love is present.  
 Love that lends a sweetness and grace,  
 To the humblest spot and the plainest face.

The clever play on the names of streets, with which this beautiful expression of a grand truth ends, is apt to grate on the ear :—

That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,  
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant.

But it is perhaps foolish if not presumptuous to blame the author of the *Song of the Shirt*, for these odd puns and similies which are so often introduced into his most beautiful pieces. To be serious one minute and gay the next, seems to have formed a part of Hood's individuality, and yet to people of more sluggish disposition, it is provoking to have to laugh the moment after being touched with some plaintive passage, or *vice versa*. Many instances of this may be found in the poem we are discussing. One of them occurs in the contrast between a London chime, and the sweet music sounded from the ivy-covered tower of some old village church :—

Those wedding bells! Those wedding bells!  
How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells,  
From a tower in an ivy green jacket!  
But town-made joys how dearly they cost;  
And after all are tumbled and tost,  
Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost,  
In town made riot and racket.

The imagination is tickled by the odd description of the tower, while the beauty of the picture is destroyed or unheeded.

One of the greatest curses inflicted upon those who live the artificial life of Miss Kilmansegg, is the apathy with which they regard God's beautiful earth. Very vividly Hood describes the country, where the late Miss Kilmansegg and her husband, the Count, spend their honeymoon. "The Moon," we are told, was "the young May moon :"—

And the scented hawthorn had blossomed soon,  
And the thrush and the blackbird were singing;  
The snow white lambs were skipping in play,  
And the bee was humming a tune all day  
To flowers, as welcome as flowers in May,  
And the trout in the stream were springing!

But these rural felicities only bored the Countess :—

She hated lanes and she hated fields,  
She hated all that the country yields,  
And barely knew turnips from clover.

\* \* \* \* \*

And to hail the pearly advent of morn,  
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,  
She was far too pampered a madam.  
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,  
While after ages of sorrow and wrong,  
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,  
And all the woes that to man belong,  
The lark still carols the self-same song  
That he did to the uncurs'd Adam !

And as for the Count :—

To tell indeed, the true extent  
Of his rural bias so far it went,  
As to covet estates in ring fences—  
And for rural love he had learned in town  
That the country was green turned up with brown,  
And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut down  
Instead of his own expenses.

But want of perception for the beauties of nature was not by any means the Count's only failing. By degrees his wife found out—

That his titles were null—his coffers were void,  
And his French château was in Spain, or enjoyed  
The most airy of situations.

Also—

That he drank and smoked, and worse than these,  
That he swindled, intrigued, and gambled.

How awful is the picture we now look upon—a lonely woman made desperate by wrong and insult, one into whose soul a noble, unselfish thought has never entered, brought to bay by her villainous husband. But death is near, and yet—

How little the wretched Countess thought,  
When at night she unloosed her sandal,  
That the fates had woven her burial cloth,  
And that Death in the shape of a death's head moth,  
Was fluttering round her candle.



Or,

That her day was done and merged in night  
Of dreams and duration uncertain—  
Or along with her own, that a hand of bone  
Was closing mortality's curtain!

But such, nevertheless, was the case, for, nearly ruined by gambling, the Count attempts to steal his wife's golden leg:—

And up she started and tried to scream,  
But even in the moment she started,  
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,  
And, lost in the universal crash,  
The spark, called vital departed.

The moral is obvious, for it is the key note of the whole piece—

Gold, gold, gold, gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get and light to hold;  
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled,  
Spurned by the young but hugg'd by the old,  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold;  
Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Good and bad a thousand-fold!  
How widely its agencies vary—  
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless—  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
And now of a bloody Mary.

So ends one of the most vigorous denunciations of vice that any age or language can boast of.

Those who regard it as a mere farce—a series of witty puns, have not yet comprehended its meaning. These very puns are its defects. It shows higher merits than skill or freedom in the use of language. Not for this will it be read and cherished in future ages. But for its vivid, life-like pictures, its deep unaffected pathos, above all for its stern and withering warning against the worship of Mammon, against the curse of artificiality, men will not willingly let it die.

CLEMENT PIKE.



## STARS OF THE NORTH.

*(Continued).*

SPIRIT of song, arise! come forth! inspire  
The theme, but lain aside to be renewed;  
Lend me a spark of thy celestial fire  
To guide the strain by purest thought endued.

Let not thy softest radiance cease to glow,  
Though no arcadian bowers may grace the shade?  
Let not pierian waters cease to flow,  
The smiling glories fail to deck the glade.

Though no green lawns nor flowery hills arise,  
No rosy blossoms sweet arrayed to please,  
No zephyrs sweep beneath the glowing skies,  
To yield their increase to the summer breeze.

Our song shall mount again, and boldly soar  
Where alps of ice frown high above the waves;  
By Greenland's naked, cheerless, barren shore,  
Where the rude tempest's fury wildly raves.

Where gloomy desolation rears a throne,  
And frost's eternal mock the hand of time,  
And foil the sailor in the frigid zone,  
Mid towering rocks of adamant sublime.

We'll roam again amid the barren steeps,  
A snowdrift's launching ruin round the plain,  
Where yet the toiling sledger slowly creeps  
O'er rugged paths, with painful footsteps vain.

But stay! our path is in the vale of death!  
There glowing hopes of lofty spirits fail;  
Subdued they yield the last expiring breath,  
To mingle with the winter's surly gale.

Some unknown magnet seems to lure the race,  
To tempt them on in youth, and manhood's prime,  
To break the spell—the hidden path to trace  
Amid those lofty solitudes, sublime:

Four homes, alas! may mourn the daring zeal  
That prompts the hero on through realms afar,  
To face grim peril for their country's weal,  
And sink beneath the frigid northern star.

Yet many a daring hand would still explore  
The gloomy regions of the northern deep,  
Tho' many a noble hero failed of yore  
To force a path where blasts of death aye sweep.

When Gama first his golden trophies won,  
In torrid climes afar, in distant lands;  
When first the gems of India glittering shone,  
To tempt the intrepid commerce to her strand;

And when the glories of the southern skies,  
The glowing heat, the gorgeous fruits, and flowers ;  
When daring hopes of golden wealth would rise  
Luxurious dreams of smiling Indian bowers—

Then came the thought to search for Polar straits,  
Utopian dreams of clearer waters rose,  
And daring hearts were found to tempt the fates,  
In realms unknown, amid perpetual snows.

Some led the way to Nova Zembla's shores,  
Where met by ice-bound fields their barques put back,  
Where the rude blast in all its fury roars,  
And barren desolation marks its track.

And Hudson's honoured name is justly famed,  
Who like Columbus pierced through realms afar,  
A mighty inland sea he found and named,  
Till commerce triumphs 'neath the Polar star.

But memory saddens at his tragic fate,  
Thrust from his barque to perish on the wave ;  
Conspiring ruffians urged their shafts of hate,  
And doomed the hero to a watery grave.

When Russia first became a giant realm,  
And aimed to stretch afar its northern sway,  
The gallant Behring seized the shallop's helm,  
Among the fields of ice to force his way.

Explored Kamptskatka's cheerless, barren shores,  
And round the coast of Behring's icy strait,  
And many an Arctic isle unseen before,  
Ere shipwreck sealed the hardy seaman's fate.

Beechy and Ross, and Richardson, and Back  
Are names that raise a Briton's glowing pride,  
Who braved the perils of the icy track  
In lands remote, that frozen seas divide.

And Parry, locked among the mountains hoar,  
Where scenes terrific loom on every hand ;  
Who heard the wint'ry blast's incessant roar,  
Yet cheered with words of hope his toiling band.

And British hearts still throb at Franklin's name,  
Who aimed in lands like these to pierce the gloom ;  
But thoughts of sadness mingle with his fame,  
Who dared in frozen wilds an icebound tomb.

Long mourned we o'er his dark mysterious fate,  
Loud urged our barks to seek his sad retreat  
In every islet, bay, or frozen strait  
Where chance or hope might guide his toilworn feet.

First in the search the brave intrepid Ross  
Explored the shores near Franklin's cheerless way ;  
But still the nation mourned the hero's loss,  
Though hope yet faintly shed a glimmering ray.

Compassion, honour, hope, and friendship's claim  
Combined to urge the vet'ran o'er the deep,  
To search the shores of Barrow Strait his aim,  
And round earth's icy girdled sphere to sweep.

The tried companion of his former way,  
The faithful Richardson embarked once more ;  
With him the zealous and untiring Rae  
Could face new perils mid the ocean's roar.

And one whose name stands high among the brave,  
Whose noble spirit, and whose self-control,  
Had faced the dangers of the frozen wave  
With calm, stern brow, and firm unflinching soul.

And though no clue to Franklin's path he found  
Amid the dreary snows, no sign of life,  
M'Clure's success is still with laurels crowned,  
His skill has triumphed o'er the ocean's strife.

He found the wished for strait where oceans meet,  
The long sought passage that divides two worlds,  
And science glories in the well-won feat,  
Though ocean there its frowning anger hurls.

The brave M'Clintock with a chosen band  
Went forth to face new perils on the main,  
And traverse many a sterile, dreary land,  
With nerves of steel to face the wild domain.

Yet still, alas, were friendships yearnings vain,  
Though lands and ocean wastes, and bays were crossed,  
And many an islet in the northern main,  
And realm that slumbers in perpetual frost.

But now we fain would close the daring strain,  
And yet would pause to mark one hero's fall ;  
The nation grieves, though fond regrets were vain  
For one enshrined beneath a snowy pall.

Our closing strains must cheer the champion's toil,  
The safe return of Stephenson, and Nares ;  
With joy we hail them to their native soil,  
From countless perils and unnumbered snares ;

From sounding storms that sweep the blasts of death,  
To smiling lands where genial kindness breathes,  
With welcome sounds in every friendly breath,  
While glorious fame her crown of laurel wreathes.

W CROWLEY.



## HAROLD.

## (A STUDY.)

THE worst part of the book is the page of fusome and undeserved panegyric upon *Queen Mary*, prefixe by way of advertisement. This said for the relief of our mind, we may proceed to consider Mr. Tennyson's new dramatic attempt upon its own merits. It must be allowed that few nobler subjects could have been found than Harold, the greatest son of a mighty sire, the English king found worthy to stand, as a hero and a ruler, by the side of Alfred, Edward, and Oliver. With such a man as the central figure of his action, had our author failed to give us anything but a piece of splendid workmanship, the disappointment would have been even keener than that caused by the weary perusal of the slow length of *Queen Mary*. This pain is spared us; and instead we have an almost unhopèd for pleasure. For in *Harold* we recognize a play which, for sustained vigour of action; for height of dramatic realism; for poetic beauty, now light and gay; now soul-stirring and inspiring; now deeply and humanly pathetic; for delicate and subtle analysis of character; in a word, for every point which marks a great poetical drama, has had no equal, save one by a living poet, since "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." This we say, soberly and seriously, with the memory of our adverse judgment upon the earlier drama still fresh in our mind.

It is not our design to give a sketch of the contents of the book. Rather shall we, in the necessarily brief space allotted to us, assume at least a casual acquaintance between the reader and our subject. The aim of true criticism is not to do away with the necessity of reading, but to enable readers to study with appreciation; the former task may well be left to those writers who are favoured with early copies for the sake of judiciously whetting the public appetite; it will be for us, as far as in us lies, to attempt some criticism of this work by a standard perhaps higher and truer than that of the ephemeral columns of the daily press. In order to effect this, it will be convenient to examine separately the treatment of three of the principal characters, and to group around our comments on these such remarks as may appear necessary upon the play as a whole.

The most interesting character of all, not even excepting the mighty hero himself, is she whose love added strength to his hand and wisdom to his head, Edith—the Eadgyth of the olden writers. Some of the sweetest and most pathetic touches in the whole book are in the scenes wherein she takes part. In her Mr. Tennyson has drawn a picture of a true woman, pure as the faint cloud-flecks which flit across the sky on a moonlight night, firm in her noble love as a martyr's spirit at the stake, fair as the loveliest of those "far-renowned brides of ancient song, who lived and loved in the distant,



dim, and passionate ages, which we recall in our dreams. Not the least artistic part of our poet's work consists in this that he creates Edith, as we all feel that she must have been, stainless from all thought or suspicion of evil. Her first words strike the key-note of the very reason of her being—her pure and passionate devotion to the great Earl:—

Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale \* \* \*  
 I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment;  
*He* can but stay a moment: he is going.  
 I fain would hear him coming! \* \* near me \* \* near,  
 Somewhere.—To draw him nearer with a charm  
 Like thine to thine. (Singing)

Love is come with a song and a smile,  
 Welcome love with a smile and a song;  
 Love can stay but a little while,  
 Why cannot he stay? They call him away:  
 Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;  
 Love will stay for a whole life long.

Thus we see her first, with her heart full of her loyal love, yet with a vague presentiment of coming evil, which even Harold's words are not enough to drive away. When next she appears, the dim foreshadowing of ill has hardened into a horrible reality, and the curse invoked by the dying king has placed a bar between their lives, if not between their spirits. Harold is ready even now to brave all this and claim her as his queen. But Edith, rising to the highest glory of womanhood, to that splendour of self-abnegation which, strong as men are men never wholly reach, abandons all that makes earth fair at the call of what she deems her duty:—

If this be politic,  
 And well for thee and England—and for her—  
 Care not for me who love thee.

There are not three finer lines in modern verse than this small fragment. But Edith has her hour of triumph at the close, when Harold, preparing for Senlac, dismisses Aldwyth, who perhaps really loved him as far as her soul had power, though such love is pale and unreal before that of Edith:—

Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear,  
 To part me from the woman that I loved!  
 Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians!  
 Thou hast been false to England and to me!—  
 As \* \* \* in some sort \* \* \* I have been false to thee.  
 Leave me. No more—Pardon on both sides—Go!

And moves to the battle with these words:—

EDITH. Is it not thy birthday?  
 HAROLD. Ay, that happy day!  
 A birthday welcome! happy days and many!  
 One—this! [They embrace.  
 Look, I will bear this blessing into the battle,  
 And front the doom of God.

Another instance in which our poet has with the true dramatic and creative instinct put life and spirit into the dry bones of History is in the delineation of the character of William; and the accompanying sketch of the Norman Court. The stern bold man, who, with the crafty brain to conceive and the iron hand to carry out, sets up a goal to be attained and presses steadily and surely towards it, crushing down all opposition beneath the stamp of his nailed heel; the warrior, fierce with the old Norse blood, and brutal with the refined brutality of France; the stark ruler, in very truth a terror to evil-doers, with his famous and special characteristic, his love of law, real and assumed, painted plainly in every word:—

I will be king of England by the laws,  
The choice, and voice of England;—

thus is William Conquæstor presented to us, in his very habit as he lived and strongly worked his will. Not a touch is wanting to complete the portrait. That scene in which occurs Harold's fatal oath is one of the most finely wrought parts of the work. Here is a notable and characteristic speech of William:—

Thou hast sworn an oath,  
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive  
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave  
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts  
Of injured saints to scatter sparks of plague  
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash  
The torch of war among your standing corn,  
Dabble your hearths with your own blood.—Enough!  
Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count—the King—  
Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,  
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,  
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.  
For I shall rule according to your laws,  
And make your ever-jarring earldoms move  
To music, and in order—Angle, Jute,  
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne,  
Out-towering hers of France.

And I cannot refrain from quoting this splendid peroration spoken by the Conqueror over the body of the still greater conquered:—

Since I knew battle,  
And that was from my boyhood, never yet—  
No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men  
Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard  
Of English, every man about his king  
Fell where he stood. They loved him; and, pray God  
My Normans may but move as true with me  
To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first  
Make them again one people—Norman, English;  
And, English, Norman—we should have a hand



To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it \* \* \*  
 Flat. Praise the Saints. It is over. No more blood !  
 I am King of England, so they thwart me not,  
 And I will rule according to their laws.

But if we turn to Edith for a picture of gracious maidenhood not destined to ripen into more gracious wifeness ; and to William for the sterner, harder touches which more than clear the Laureate from the old charge of effeminate softness of style ; what shall be our verdict upon the delineation of the Protagonist, the first great Englishman who had adorned the throne since the days of Alfred ? In this is supplied the capital defect which made *Queen Mary* such a wearisome failure ; for here at least we have a hero worthy to stand as the central figure of any drama that was ever penned. In his case, too, Mr. Tennyson shows that he possesses to the very fullest extent one of the rarest dramatic powers, that of developing character in accordance with and under the control of the circumstances of the action. The gradual unfolding of the character of Harold, not to suit the preconceived idea in the author's mind, but as it is really moulded by the irresistible force of fate, renders it a study worthy to rank beside Mr. Swinburne's *Mary*, or George Eliot's *Tito*. Indeed, a not uninteresting or unimportant comparison might be drawn between the treatment and mode of handling of the respective authors of Harold and Tito. In both cases, we have men with the making of heroes in them, whose fair promise is overclouded by the fatal effects of a single act. The essential difference is, to use once more Mr. Ruskin's words, that the one failure is a misery of chance, or of inevitable fate, the other a misery of guilt. Thus the one is ruined in body and soul : the other is a hero to the end, and

Falling grandly as he climbs,  
 Falls with his face towards the height !

Like Saul, Harold stands taller by the head and shoulders than his brothers and the rest. His first words of friendly raillery to Gamel are the words of a larger man than Gurth or Leofwin, splendid as are those stalwart sons of Godwin. He is distinctively the man of genius ; the man, to use the cant phrase, " in advance of his times," or as we would rather say, the man who grasps the whole significance of his age and is therefore abreast of it, while others fall behind it. He is the strong, brave, truth-loving Englishman, who laughs to scorn the superstitious follies of lesser men, as thus :—

Why not the doom of all the world as well ?  
 For all the world sees it as well as England.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* War ? the worst that follows  
 Things that seemed jerk'd out of the common rut  
 Of nature is the hot religious fool,  
 Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit  
 Makes it on earth.

The contrast between him and Edward is strongly marked ; and nowhere does the hero king come into bolder prominence than when standing beside the monk king, who wastes half his existence and ruins his land by isolating his spiritual life and thrusting down the no less holy part of his being, which his asceticism teaches him to despise :—

EDWARD. I have lived a life of utter purity :  
I have builded the great Church of Holy Peter ;  
I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—  
And miracles will in my name be wrought  
Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and go—  
I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—  
And it is well with me, tho' some of you  
Have scorned me—aye—but after I am gone  
Woe, woe to England ! I have had a vision ;  
The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus  
Have turn'd from right to left.

HAROLD. My most dear Master,  
What matters ? let them turn from left to right  
And sleep again.

This is Harold, before the fatal voyage—the Earl of the West-Saxon, the right hand of the king of England, the wise statesman, the splendid warrior, the one great, strong, and true Englishman who was fit to sway the sceptre of his country. Then comes the hapless voyage to Flanders, and the deadly wiles woven round him at the Norman Court. His love of England, and of his brother ; his desire for liberty ; the solicitations of Wulfnoth, of Malet, of William ; all beset him with threatenings of danger and promises of peace, on the condition of one small sin :—

Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience  
White as a maiden's hand, or whether England  
Be shattered into fragments.

These are the words of the Anglo-Norman Malet ; and this the choice which Harold sees before him. For himself he exclaims :—

Better die than lie ;

but for his brother, for his love for his country, he stains his conscience with the one great sin of a life, holier because more human than that of his sainted sovereign. From this time, the tangled web begins to close around him ; he is like a lion caught in the net of the hunters, who narrow the ring gradually around, and finally kill him as he stands at bay. The rage and shame and agony of a great soul unwillingly drawn into sin are splendidly shown in this speech, after the making of the dreadful oath :—

To night we will be merry—and to morrow—  
Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—  
William, the tanner's bastard ! Would he heard me !  
O God, that I were in some wide, waste field  
With nothing but my battle-axe and him  
To spatter his brains ! Why let earth rive, gulf in



These cursed Normans—yea, and mine own self.  
 Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that I may say  
 Ev'n to their faces, "If ye side with William  
 Ye are not noble." How their pointed fingers  
 Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold son  
 Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,  
 My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liar's—  
 I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—  
 Stigand shall give me absolution for it—  
 Did the chest move? did it move? I am utter craven!

We must pass by the splendid scenes of Edward's death; the parting of Harold and Edith; and the battle of Stamford Bridge; to the last act of the great drama upon the hill of Senlac. Here Harold rises to the grandest height of his magnificent manhood and majestic kinghood, to hurl this defiance at the invader:—

Back to that juggler,  
 Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams,  
 Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints,  
 And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill,  
 And bide the doom of God.

But close after this we see the effect of past events in Gurth's brief words:—

Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold;

and there are signs that he has not escaped the fascination of monkish superstitions, to which he refuses to bow his soul, but from which he yet cannot wholly free himself. At this crowning moment, when the hopes of England are centred upon the fortunes of the house of Godwin, and the fortunes of the house of Godwin rest upon a single fight, the two strong passions of Harold's life—his love for his country and for Edith, are at their height:—

I die for England then, who lived for England—

What nobler? men must die.

I cannot fall into a falser world—

I have done no man wrong \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Edith, Edith,

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou art my bride! and thou in after years  
 Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine  
 In cold, white cells, beneath an icy moon—  
 This memory to thee!—and this to England,  
 My legacy of war against the Pope  
 From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,  
 Till the sea wash her level with her shores,  
 Or till the Pope be Christ's.

And thus, with the dark riddle of the world pressing heavily upon his soul, with Heaven's sunlight obscured by clouds of doubt and shadows of a wrong not his own, yet to the last, and through all, every inch a king, like Arthur, Harold moves ghost-like to his doom.

Our limited space forbids us to enlarge upon the other characters. It must be sufficient to say that Mr. Tennyson's great characteristic, honest and conscientious workmanship, is strikingly displayed in the delineation of even the smallest person of the action. The three studies we have made above will be enough to more than justify the eulogy with which this paper opened. Taken as a whole, *Harold* will rank by the side of *Guinevere* among Mr. Tennyson's works. It is a true drama. There is no pitiful striving after Shakesperian effects, no catching at small Elizabethan mannerisms, no servile imitation of the tricks of speech of the older dramatists. This is a work which an Elizabethan might have written, because it is a work of true genius, a splendid reproduction of the spirit of those glorious times of English liberty, and, above all, because it is the work of a man of genius, not written with the fixed intention and design of following closely in the formal grooves drawn out by a man of genius of a different order. With such sterling work as this, there would be hope for English dramatic Art, if the English nation could only rouse itself from its spiritual lethargy, and help the poet by presenting an audience willing and worthy to learn something of the greatness of which the human soul is capable.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1876.

H. T. W.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

B.—"The Robin's Song" is too commonplace. The verses entitled, "A Voice in the Street," we like well, and shall be happy to make use of them.

M. W.—Your prose communication on "Sacred Plays" is somewhat too loose and general; and, indeed, the whole subject, since the Bavarian Passion Play, has become quite familiar enough to average readers. Thanks for the communication.

J. S. (Newcastle-under-Lyne).—A trifle too juvenile. For example—

O that I were a little bird,

is an inspiration long ago used up—at least for any poetical purpose. We like the glow of the "Woodlands." Practice, according to the old adage, makes perfect. Try again.

E. H. (Norwood).—Declined, but with many thanks. It is desirable to avoid anything that might resemble political partizanship, at least in our *Poets' Magazine*.

C. M.—Not without fair metrical flow, but too commonplace for our purpose.

R. R.—Hardly up to our standard; the sentiment of "The Rebellious King" is creditable, but the execution is flat. "Liberate your captives, set free your slaves," is too tautological. Still we shall be glad to see your efforts.

W. O.—We shall be happy to use your "Lines for Music." Those beginning "Gaunt Brother" are not of equal merit.

W. J.—The sentiment is creditable, but the subject is too worn, and the metre defective. Thus:—

A Robin, is it's sinless life less valuable  
Than any worthier thing that one alone can give?

You will agree, on reflection, that this is prosy.

M. T. T.—We thank you for your good wishes, and regret that we cannot make use of your contribution. It is generally too prosaic in character, and the flow is by no means uniform. Make another attempt.

"My Love" and "Beggar Boy," by A. L. H.—Poems good in many respects, but containing weak lines and inadmissible rhymes. Surely with greater care the writer might do better.



W. C. (Edinburgh.)—Please send the poem, and we will let you know if it bears any mark of the mind of Milton. Send stamped envelope clearly addressed.

W. S. (Brighton.)—You are among the many correspondents who sadly need patience. We could speedily reply "declined with thanks," but all our subscribers have a claim on our time, and we prefer to examine their poems fully. Pray proceed with fresh work, and wait our verdict on that sent.

"Pembroke."—If your buying the *Poets'* depends upon our inserting your "poem," keep your cash and purchase primers.

"Ellen Clare," "William Collins," "Child at Prayer," "The Evening Star."—These lines are full of sweet sentiments, which the world would do well to ponder, but they contain little that is new, and many of the thoughts have been set to silent music before. Progress, persevere, pursue, prevail. We may use one of the poems, but send more.

J. G. — Marcus and Cecilia. — The old story in simple song—love flowing from young hearts, eyes speaking to eyes, much the same as with the first pair in Eden—true to nature throughout all time, and most likely in the land of love for ever, but there free from tears. Listen to the voices of nature, and learn her deep lessons and send us some stronger lines.

"Christmas Day," by F. H.—This sonnet would have been acceptable had we not been overwhelmed with poems on the same subject.

ALMA Y.—Our time is precious. How can we say what any article will be worth to us before it is written. If you can call our attention to your work in print we might give an opinion. We give a fair sum per page to well-known writers, but unknown ones must be willing to submit subjects, and if they won't subscribe to help us to cover cost of our work, they must not be mean enough to complain if we refuse to help them. "One good turn, &c."

T. W.—Thanks. Will consider article. All MSS. forwarded shall receive careful attention. The verse was omitted because we considered it to be weak.

"Vox Diaboli," by A. J.—Not useable on account of the repetition of ideas. The last verse is poor in expression.

J. W. and others will find an answer to their letters in the articles commenced in this number, entitled, "Studies in Poetry."

NORMAN.—We heartily thank you for your sunny note and cheery lines. Order the *Poets'* of your bookseller, and let him show it for a few weeks, that your neighbours may see it as you suggest.

T. J. (Rowe.)—Thanks for the lines—they are full of freshness and feeling.

"What is Heaven," &c., by G. Massingham (Aylmerton.)—Thanks for your poems. You must study more. Our articles on the "Art of Writing Poetry" will be very useful to you. It is better to write one living line than a book full of bosh.

Pimlico, Y. X. Z., W. B., New York, Ross, Sappho—Declined with thanks.

"Iota," San Francisco.—We are glad to hear that our Magazine has travelled so far, and has a circle of readers on the shores of the Pacific. Please send the poem.

"B. M.," Belfast.—Thanks for your precious lines. We wish we could find room for all we receive on this thrilling theme. The world sorely wants the Prince of Peace.

LILLIE.—Thanks for your letter and lines, but few reach the peak of Parnassus. Climb on.

"M. A.," Bath.—The poem is good, but only suited to the circle in which the case is known.

R. N., Jersey.—Many thanks for your encouraging letter and verses. We cannot discuss the subject in the pages of the *Poets'*, but will write you if you send full address on stamped envelope. We write about thirty letters a day, so you must see the sense of this. Wars will not cease till THE King comes.

HAROLD.—We thank many contributors for their critiques on the Laureate's last work. We give our opinion in the present pages.

A. E. D.—Both poems are among our accepted matter.

"To a Star," by D. M. G.—The praises of the stars have surely been sung by every poet of whom the world can boast, again and again. There is, we think, little that is new in the sonnet.

DANOIS.—A thousand thanks for your good wishes for the future happiness of the unworthy editor of the *P. M.* He congratulates himself on having gained so many well-wishers, and feels there must be many blissful years in store for him.

GEO. SAULINUS.—"Winter" is, we think, devoid of general interest. The lines we have inserted are much better.

"Beyond," &c., by F. H. P.—Several of your verses are first-rate, but the versification of others is poor. Strive after uniformity, being as careful with last verses as first.

"Four Seasons," by Graime.—Not Poetry, though highly poetical prose. Unsuitable to our magazine.

T. H. (Luton).—We are much obliged by numerous contributions, and have selected one for insertion.

"Courtship," by M. E. B.—Too juvenile for our pages.

"Sonnets on the Poets" (San Remo).—Many thanks. We like the specimen sonnet much, and will insert in next issue—presuming it is kindly presented.

L. M. (Rempton).—Please pay more attention to rhythm and accent. Many of your lines halt sadly. We should be happy to help you on to perfection.

"Our Dead," by B. G. A.—Good, but not first-class.

OMEGA.—Accepted with thanks. We are glad to hear you are "bard-struck" in Yorkshire, as we hope the circulation of the *Poets'* will thereby be increased.

"Home Love," by VERNE (Holywood).—Thanks for offering to enlist under our banner. The present trifle hardly up to the mark, but doubtless you have others.

"The Burn" (Galway).—We regret "The Burn" does not flow smoother. There appear to be obstacles in its path.

"What do I live for?" by W. R. W.—Still unaccepted. *Nil desperandum*. Some of your sentiments are worthy a shrine; for instance:—

"I have searched amongst gaiety, wisdom, and worth,  
For one to esteem as a brother,  
But I always found him the wisest on earth,  
Who could see the most worth in another.

We wish we had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance.

W. M. (Witley).—Many poems to hand, yet we are unable to select one for publication. You certainly have some poetic talent, but seldom rise to sublime heights. Quality, not quantity, should be your maxim.

"The Snowdrop," &c., by M. L.—Much above the average, yet not containing many striking thoughts.

H. C.—Your rhymes are careless—break and cheek, prove and love. Otherwise the lines are good.

"Simple Rose," &c., by E. L.—Next month we hope to insert one of the poems forwarded.

J. A. C.—You are right in surmising that short poems stand greater chance of acceptance than long ones. "The Great Man" shall appear shortly.

FAITH CHILTERN.—Patience ought to be rewarded. You shall have a place in our pages shortly. The "Answer" is good and cheering.

H. E. G. (Lewisham).—Your lines are of unequal merit. They also want pruning. If you send stamped envelope we will reply by post. No stamps were enclosed for return of the book.

W. H. R.—We think "Time" the nearest to our mark, but the measure is often wrong. The acrostic for our fair Julia's as under:—

J ulia dearest, chaste and pure,  
U pon thy troth I fondly live,  
L et me cherish love secure  
I n thy heart, as safe and sure  
A s the promise thou didst give.

J. J. H.—Thanks for these clever lines and the brotherly forbearance breathing in them:—

TO LEONARD LLOYD.

My charming friend, my Leonard Lloyd!  
I wrote you now some months ago;  
No doubt the letter is destroyed,  
Gone, gone where such epistles go,  
And so I cry in mimic woe—  
Forgotten!

In the long answer penned to me  
(I have your letter by me yet),  
You promised that my lines should be  
In some prospective number set.  
Have you (I cannot well forget)  
Forgotten

We will look up the missing MSS.



ACCEPTED WITH THANKS.—“The Lament of Tithonus;” “Clytie,” by Laon; “Elfland,” by Laon; “The Poet,” by G. M. J.; “Found at Last;” “My Darling,” by T. M.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—“Dunluce Castle,” by G. B.; “Waiting,” by Silber; “The Days of the Past,” by C. B.; “Over the Sea;” “Shelley,” by R. S.; “In the Meadows;” “Life,” by B. M.; “An Offering;” “My Hope,” by O. T.; “Nearest and Dearest.”

### NOTICE.

Our readers will be glad to know that we have ready splendid articles by George Barnett Smith on the living Poets of America; by W. Gibson on Robert Buchanan; by Duncan MacColl on Mrs. Browning; “King Lear,” by David R. Williamson; Burns, by A. England; Coleridge, by M. E. Carter; Swinburne, by H. T. White; Francois Villon, by P. E. Pinkerton, &c., &c.; also a fine poem by the late “Barry Cornwall.”

We beg to tender our warmest thanks to the many readers who got the kernel out of the Christmas nut (Leonard). We hope soon to insert some of the poetic enigmas sent.

### TO OUR READERS.

While the proprietors will be happy to receive contributions from unknown writers, they are making arrangements with various authors of note, who will, from time to time, furnish poems, and articles on poets and poetry. The main feature of THE POETS' MAGAZINE will be to invite all who possess literary talent to contribute to its pages.

Original contributions only are acceptable.

Each contribution must bear the sender's name and address.

Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless post paid. Authors should keep copies of short poems.

Should a reply by letter be required, a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Prizes of one and two Guineas will be given for the two best *Stories in Verse* of about two hundred lines, the same sums for the two best *Articles on Poets or Poetry*, and half the same for the two best *Songs or Sonnets*.

A Special Prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best Poem on any Biblical subject from one to two hundred lines, and for the best Essay on the Poetry of the Bible. Manuscripts to be sent during January, 1877.

Authors and Correspondents are requested to apply by letter only, addressed to the Editor of THE POETS' MAGAZINE, 21, Paternoster Row, London.

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Of course contributions from known Authors will be welcome without Subscription and paid for according to merit—but unknown writers must subscribe to insure their works being read.

Vol. I. now ready, price 4s. May be had of the Publisher. Also covers for binding, at 1s. each.

## COME BACK AGAIN, DEAR DREAM!

Words and Music by P. MORTIMORE HOOPER.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

1. Once in the days gone  
2. Years have roll'd swift - ly

by,..... Days, oh, so bright and fair;.....  
on - ward, Sum-mers have come and gone;.....

## COME BACK AGAIN, DEAR DREAM!

Sleep - ing, I was in dream - land, One whom I  
Still I in me - mory che - rish That one dear

lov'd was there..... Gent - ly we wander'd on to -  
dream a - lone..... Spring-time of pure, sin - cere af -

- geth - er, Be - neath tall sha - dy trees; And  
- fec - tion, Re - mem - ber'd as to - day, The

notes of joy - ous song-birds warb-ling near,..... Were  
time we wan-der'd by that beau-teous ri - - ver, That

Ped.



## COME BACK AGAIN, DEAR DREAM!

waft-ed to us, borne up-on the breeze..... } Come once a -  
dream, that love will nev-er pass a - way..... }

- gain, dear dream!..... Come as in days of

yore,..... Part-ed a-sun-der though we seem,

Come a-gain, dear dream! oh, come once more.

rall - - en - tan - do.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.